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BRARIES
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There's Hundreds of Them
And Other Poems

By August Stowe

965

San Francisco, California, July 12, 1918.
To the Librarian,
University of California,
Berkeley:

A poor and laboured first attempt. Accept this pamphlet as the work of a boy untutored in finished art, but, who at least has the courage to attempt.

August Stowe.

IF this you read,
I think the seed
Of that to be more splendid,
Do so with thought
That comments naught—
Then will our minds be blended.

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

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THERE'S HUNDREDS OF THEM

The moon is shining bright tonight,
    Before it slowly moves the clouds,
The silence helps my strange delight—
    And the soft breeze makes me speak aloud
The words that I'm recording here;
    But strange thoughts seek to interfere,
And spoil perhaps a masterpiece—
    For now my fancy seem's to cease.
I think of all the poets now
    At whom the moon directs her frown;
'There's hundreds of them, ' fills my ears—
    And makes me quit the rhyme right here.

I DREAMED THAT MAN WAS ALL

I dreamed that man was all on earth
Since this great city gave me birth;
My childish mind was taught to see
The mighty world man caused to be:
The busy streets where all but sky
Reveals the human works to eyes,
Had taught me to consider man
Supreme of heaven, sea and land;
The towering building crowned with clouds,
Showed me what power the mind endowed
Upon the flesh—small to its deeds—
The world was made by man, indeed !
My pride then made me feel the strength
That built it all in century lengths,
And a strange bravery filled my soul,
That made me glad and made me bold,
And made me think, with honest heart,
That I, myself, had a great part.
I dreamed all this; I know it now
Since a new thought has crossed my brow,
Influenced by a water trip.
Important as the drops that dripped
From off the wheels that moved the boat
I thought I was as we did float
So slow away from the great town:
To think that if the boat went down!
The city smaller grew, so small!
And soon it was not seen at all.
The bay was broad, and cold, and lone,
And somehow all my dreams had flown:
Where was the world that man had built?
There miles of patient shores, not filled,

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Asked me quite plainly who was king,
And what my power there would bring
If there was awful storm that day
And mountain high rose every wave,
And then a fear was in my breast;
Humility upon me pressed,
And I concluded that the race
Is nothing to this wond'rous place:
It's simply here to live and die—
Man's only greatness is his pride.

THE WAVES

What the wild waves are saying
As they roll, and bounce, and slide,
And look like snow capped mountains
As they make and float the foam,
With the wind confirming what they say
—Turn your face to it—
Is, that as they, life at its height
Send out the boisterous roar
Which it had threatened as it grew,
Then breaks and silences.

But this they tell in other words
That are monotonous,
And meaningless if we don't think
Though spoken fervently.
They do not tire themselves, but speak—
And care not if unheard;
They're used to such attention,
So they swell themselves and shout:
Remember what your living for,
For you will break as we.

LOVE ME FOR THIS THOUGHT

Love me for this thought,
Not for what I am,
Not for what I seem to you:
Environment is the cause of such.
I go into an olden house,
And cloth and wood of what it's formed
Seems strange—apart from now;
I think then of the modern house:
That it is perfect to my heart,
And pity those who could not live
To know the progress of the world;
And then I think of future days,
When I will be no more,
And greater things have been achieved
When things that touch me closely now
Will seem as olden house to me
To one who then will think as I;
And, as I love that coming soul
Because my fancy makes it's earth,
I hope that it creates 'round me
A world exempt from mildew smell;
For though my body is then dust,
And folks will read the life of us
Among the things we know to make,
I am a spirit fit to live
In any form of man and scene:
And so is every one.
Not for what I am,
Not for what I seem to you,—
Environment is the cause of such,—
Love me for this thought.

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DIPSEA.

I did not want to leave the place;
I wished that darkness wouldn't erase
That vast, enchanting sunset sky;
I wished to know what secret lied
Beneath the waves, beyond the line
That separates the air from brine.
I did not care away to go
Until the mystery I should know
Of why I loved the loneliness
Though it incites fearfulness.
The gentle breeze I thought would tell,
Perhaps the roaring of the swell;
Or would the colors of the sky
Impart the knowledge to my eyes?
I love the mighty boulders there,
But happiness, I felt was where
The soul of all that beauty is;
But where and what increased my fear;
For well I knew the night would come,
And all that boundless beauty, dumb,
Could never answer what I asked:
Why is life's meaning always masked?
I loved that low'ring thing of fire,
To understand and live! desired;
But twilight sent a soft, cool breath
Which whispered, 'Not until your death!'
With this perplexing, empty tale,
I walked back o'er the gloomy trail.

INSPIRATION

The muses urged as I watched the clouds
Sailing the evening sky,
Tinted purple, and orange, and white,
Write of the scene that reflects in your eye,

I could not, still beauty a spell on me cast,
Compelled me to study the sight:
Emotions inspired forever could last—
I never could capture to write.

THE SCRIPTURE

It speaks little, but says much—
And dressed in noble words,
It feeds the mind, the heart doth touch—
Never sweeter thoughts are heard.

STABILITY

Strong as a rock in the ocean
Tried by the wind and wave,
Altered not by the weather's weak notions—
But ever the same, unafraid,
I stand in the vast sea of life;
Living thru calm or the storm,
Inspired with thoughts of the strife:
That we laugh best after we mourn;
Yes, it simply means strength till we're gone.

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TIGHT TO THE ROCK THE STAR FISH CLINGS.

Tight to the rock the star-fish clings,
The clouds are dark and low,
And with the waves the wild wind rings
As fast a heavy rain it blows.

Far out to sea a great ship rolls,
As I watch from the stormy cliff,
Which makes me proud to think how bold
Is each human heart on the drift.

I touch the star that's clinging tight
And the angered waves splash at me;
They hide the fish and seem to fight
To protect the things of the sea.

My heart and mind are stormy, too,
And I love the boundless power
That makes the waves and winds both do,
Which I now share in this hour.

Well I know, when the cliffs will fall
And my body is crushed beneath,
My flesh will mix with rocks and all,
And my soul with the wind's will meet

Tight to the rock, the star-fish clings,
The clouds are dark and low,
And with the waves the wild wind rings
As fast a heavy rain it blows.

LITTLE FOOLISH ACTIONS

Little foolish actions cause many a woeful day;
I am not guilty of such acts, there's not a one can say:
How happy I could make you, friend, and happy you make me,
By thinking not of vanity, but acting as we mean.

Today I saw my pretty friend, with woe I went to bed,
Because I know she would have spoke if I had simply said
That I was willing to be friends, and had no reason to feel mad;
But pride just made me hold my tongue, and now, I guess, we both are sad.

But still I can remember this, to me she acted oft the same
When first I met her on our street, and didn't even know her name;
I knew she liked me then as now, though she pretended that she didn't
And when I tried to show I cared, she never used to take the hint.

Yes, little foolish actions cause many a woeful day;
I am not guilty of such acts, there's not a one can say:
How happy I could make you friend, and happy you make me,
By thinking not of vanity, but acting what we mean.

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NIGHT ON A RAIN-WET BEACH

A splashing wave, a howling wind,
    A cave on a rain-wet beach;
A warming blaze, a sack tucked in,
    The thinking that black nights teach.

Relish of food, the depth of sleep,
    The thought that comes of God;
The fear of flood, the hope to keep
    Strength in the strange if all grows hard.

This is night on a rain-wet beach;
    Splashing waves and howling winds,
A warming blaze and food in reach,
        A bed of sand with sacks tucked in.

THE MISER.

The world made me a miser—now it jeers;
But I sit here and count my wealth, and sneer;
For this thing I have taught myself is joy
That other men derive from their choosed toy,
Which they shall leave when full-grown are
        their souls
As I will this; but with it to this goal!
Aesthetic was my heart of boyhood days,
And bent on living in the noble ways;
But all about were selfish and imposed
Upon my candidness, I learn of those
The principle of life. It turned me then
Against the common things and joys of men;
But I, to live, was forced to work my mind—
On gold. To other things my eyes grew blind.

WILD FLOWERS, WILD FLOWERS

Wild flowers, wild flowers,
Yellow, blue and white,
Swaying carelessly sunlit hours,
Drooping in the night,
Waking early in the morning,
Smiling at the day,
Always bright-hued, never mourning,
With the wind at play

Wild flowers, wild flowers,
Cups and fans and bells,
Tiny, but with mighty power
Of a mystic spell;
Bright as sunlight, soft as breezes,
Fragrance's only source;
All unconscious, but you please us:
Your's a happy cause.

Wild flowers, wild flowers,
Living in the spring,
Making pretty perfumed hours,
Loving everything;
Tell me why they call you wild?
You're a gentle flow'r,
Patient as the field, it's child:
Oh, you dainty power!

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AT BEETHOVEN BUST

Golden Gate Park.

The sun warmed my face
And prefume filled my head
When the bronze impressed my eyes,
In a tree-nich place
Where from half sunlight fled,
And singing a poor bird tried.
It seemed that the bird
Felt the spirit of song,
But to sing it knew not how,
And sung what was heard,
To prove that it longed
For the gift of man no more now.

THE LOVE MYSTERY

Why that lad this lassie love,
And this lad love that lassie;
While lassie here is she I love,
And you love there, your lassie?

For this, and that, and my lass, too,
And also your sweet lassie,
Have pretty hair and bright eyes too,
And seem like sister lassies.

Why that lad this lassie love,
And this lad love that lassie;
While lassie here is she I love,
And you love there, your lassie?

THE SUICIDE

If I can live and think so oft as now,
Of how imperfect is the life of man,
And know the pangs of agony, and how
Escape them without effort some men can,
I know that it's my lot to do this act:
For I have had the impulse many times,
And felt the things are not for me I lack,
And that no one's accountable for crimes.
I see no hope, and will not live to try——
For it I do abominate, because
As happiness and contentment do lie,
It makes us believe to live the whole cursed
course.
Alone! It's brave yourself to quit the earth!
Still, man is destined for his end at birth.

Tho God's Own Will Is Being Done on Earth.

Tho God's own will is being done on earth,
And equal spirits enter flesh at birth,
And flesh is equal as the sands on beach,
That there are classes men do feel and preach
But vanity and effort brings not height;
Still, depth might the greater in His sight:
But high rocks on a cliff were always there,
And low ones where they are, and each it's share
Receives by turns of the same winds and sun;
A stream on both from top might run.
Two cannot be in one place at a time:
One there, one not, makes two of a different
mind;
But which is greater is judged by man made
law,
The lessor one may justly be before.

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FANTASY

Won't you think with me a moment
And go drifting off in thought
To a Sunday's twilight moment
When through silence music's wrought,
And dwell upon inspired things
Muffled melodies incite,
Until your ears with thinking rings
And your fantasy's in sight—
For the moments that you'll spend thus
Secure a richest purchase:
The pleasures of the highest, plus
The greatness of the righteous—
For devotion then is given,
And appreciation, too,
To the spirit while it's living
In the body that's called you.

A SUMMER PASTIME.

You may seek recreation that pleases,
The beautiful, warm summer day;
Like a stroll on the hills, where the breezes
With poppies and pansies play;
On the beach where the calm little wavelets,
Play sweet charming songs on the sand:
But a chat and a stroll as the bright sunsets,
With Daisy, to me is most grand.

Refreshing long hours at fountains;
In the shade, in a hammock a nap;
And camping far out in the mountains,
In nature's broad sheltering lap,
You pass the whole summer in gladness,
And so does the rest of the world:
But summer to me would be sadness—
Without my dear, sweet, little girl.

The Ship That Left Her Captain Here.

The ship that left her captain here
Is sunk into the sea;
The hand that turned her helm did fear
Her only guide was he:
So when they left the mournful port,
He said, 'This trip's her last;
She learned the waves her Captain taught
But her knowledge with his is past.

And the heart that took her out to sea
Is drowned for disrespect,
And feeling just as great as he
Who knew her secret.
The man who stood behind the wheel
When wrecked she slowly dipped,
Cried out, 'O! men, I truly feel
There's but one guide a ship.'

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From A Trench

By August Stowe

Friends, it's Oh to be back to the lonely hills,
Where the sky is clear and the air is still;
And it's Oh to find the peace I crave–
The joys of life before the grave.

But it's no, the war god cruelly yells:
"There is naught on earth for ye slaves but hell."
Oh God forgive! we can stand the fight
'Till blood floods the throne of devil might!

Fight I will 'till my breath draws hard
And we force the foe before his God.
Steeped in mud, half starved - what's that!
If we crush, Oh friend, this human rat?

But it's Oh to be back to the lonely hills,
Where the sky is clear and the air is still;
And it's Oh to find the peace I crave–
The joys of life before the grave.

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